

The Library Beneath the Rain

Nobody in the town of Aram knew why it rained every night at exactly midnight.

The rain never flooded the streets. It never damaged roofs. It simply appeared from a cloudless sky, fell silently for ten minutes, and vanished.

Most people ignored it.

Sixteen-year-old Arun did not.

One night, unable to sleep, he followed the strange rain to the oldest part of town. The drops seemed to gather around a forgotten clock tower. As the final minute of rain fell, a crack appeared in the ground.

A staircase emerged.

Arun hesitated only a moment before descending.

At the bottom was a library larger than any building on Earth.

Shelves stretched beyond sight. Thousands of floating lanterns illuminated endless corridors. Books moved on their own, gliding between shelves like birds.

An elderly librarian sat behind a silver desk.

"You are late," she said.

"Late for what?" Arun asked.

"For your first visit."

The librarian explained that this was the Library Beneath the Rain, a place hidden between moments of time. Every book contained a possible future.

One book showed a future where Arun became a famous inventor.

Another showed him discovering a lost city beneath the ocean.

A third showed him ruling a distant planet.

"Can I choose one?" Arun asked.

The librarian shook her head.

"Possible futures are not prizes. They are paths. Your choices decide which path becomes real."

As Arun explored, he noticed a locked black book hidden in a corner.

Unlike the others, it had no title.

"Don't open that one," warned the librarian.

Naturally, Arun opened it.

The moment the cover lifted, every lantern in the library went dark.

A shadow rose from the pages.

It was enormous, made of swirling ink and torn paper.

"The Unwritten One," whispered the librarian.

Long ago, the shadow had tried to erase every future from the library, leaving humanity trapped in a single destiny. The librarians had imprisoned it inside the black book.

Now it was free.

Books exploded from shelves.

Pages whirled through the air like a storm.

The shadow laughed.

"At last," it said. "No more choices. No more possibilities."

The creature began devouring books. Each one it consumed erased a future forever.

Arun watched in horror.

If the library vanished, every dream, invention, discovery, and adventure that could have existed would disappear.

Then he noticed something.

The shadow could destroy futures that were written.

But it could not touch blank pages.

An idea sparked.

Arun grabbed empty journals from nearby shelves and began writing.

He wrote wildly.

Stories.

Dreams.

Adventures.

Impossible worlds.

The blank journals glowed.

New futures appeared faster than the shadow could consume them.

The library filled with millions of fresh possibilities.

The creature grew weaker.

Every new idea pushed it back.

Every act of imagination became a weapon.

Finally, Arun wrote one last sentence:

"There will always be another future."

The words blazed like sunlight.

The shadow shattered into countless droplets of ink and disappeared.

The lanterns reignited.

Silence returned.

The librarian smiled.

"You have learned the library's greatest secret."

"What secret?"

"The future belongs to those who create it."

As dawn approached, the staircase returned.

Before leaving, Arun looked back.

The librarian handed him a blank notebook.

"Why this one?" he asked.

"Because," she replied, "the most powerful book in any library is the one that hasn't been written yet."

When Arun stepped outside, the clock tower was gone.

So was the staircase.

Only the notebook remained.

Years later, Arun became a writer.

His books inspired inventors, explorers, scientists, and dreamers around the world.

And every midnight, when rain tapped gently against his window, he smiled.

Because he knew that somewhere beneath the falling drops, the library was still waiting for the next person brave enough to imagine something new.